Ile winne our ancient right in France againe,
Or dye a ſouldier as I liu'd a King,
Glo. Short ſommers lightly haue a forward ſpring.

Enter young Yorke, Haſtings, Cardinall.

Buc. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of *Yorke*.
Prin. *Richard* of *Yorke* how fares our noble brother?
Yor. Well my deare Lord: ſo muſt I call you now.
Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late hee died that might haue kept this title,
Which by his death hath loſt much maieſty.
Glo. How fares our couſen noble Lo. of *Yorke*.
Yor. I thanke you gentile vncle; O my Lord,
You ſaid that Idle weeds are faſt in growth;
The Prince my brother hath out growne me farre.
Glo. He hath my Lord.
Yor. and therefore is he idle?
Glo Oh my faire couſen I muſt not ſay ſo.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my ſoueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinſman.
Yor. I pray you vncle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger little couſen with all my heart.
Prin. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind vncle that I know will giue:
And being but a toy which is no gift, to giue,
Glo. A greater gift then that Ile giue my couſen.
Yor. A greater gift, O that's the ſword too it.
Glo. I gentle couſen were it light enough.
Yor: O then I ſee you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle ſay a begegr nay.
Glo. It is to weighty for your grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lo.
Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yor*, Little.
Prin. My L. of *Yorke* will ſtill bee croſſe in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yor, You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Becauſe

Becauſe that I am little like an *Ape*.
He thinkes that you ſhould beare me
Buc. With what a ſharpe prouided
To mitigate the ſcorne hee giue his vn
He pretely and aptly taunts himſelſe:
So cunning and ſo young is wonderfu
Glo. My Lo. wilt pleaſe you paſſe al
My ſelfe and my good couſen *Buckin*
Will to your mother, to intreat of he
To meet you at the Tower, and welc
Yor. What will yon goe vnto the To
Prin. My Lord protector will haue i
Yor. I ſhall not ſleepe in quiet at the
Glo. Why what ſhould you feare?
Yor Marry my vncle *Clarence* angry
My Granam told me he was murdre
Prin. I feare no vncles dead,
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prin. And if they liue, I hope I need
But come my L. with a heauy heart
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the To

Exeunt, Prin, Yor, Haſt, Dor. m

Buc. Thinke you my Lo, this little
Was not incenced by his ſubtile mot
To taunt and ſcorne you thus oppre
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, O tis a
Bold, quicke, ingenious forward, cap
He is all the mothers from the top
Buc. Well let them reſt: come hith
Thou art ſworne as deeply to effect
As cloſely to conceale what we im
Thou knoweſt our reaſons vrgde vp
What thinkeſt thou, is it not an eaſie
To make *William* L. *Haſtings* of ou
For the inſtalment of this noble D
In the ſeate royall of this famous I
Cat. He for his fathers ſake ſo lo
That he will not be wonne to ought
Buc, What thinkeſt thou then o

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG (JA 37